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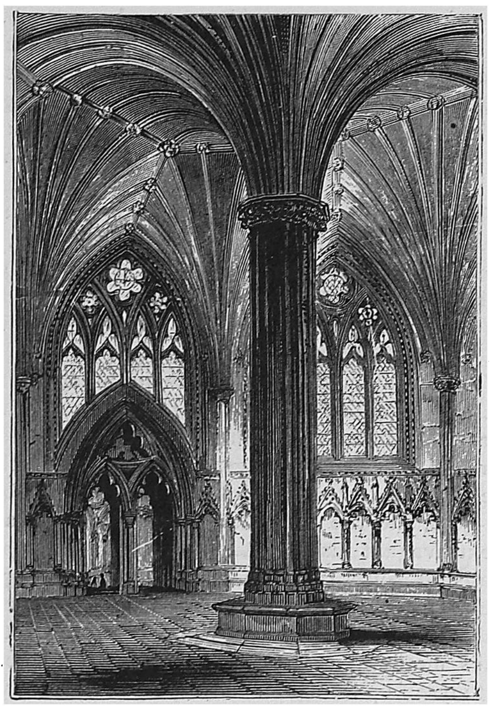
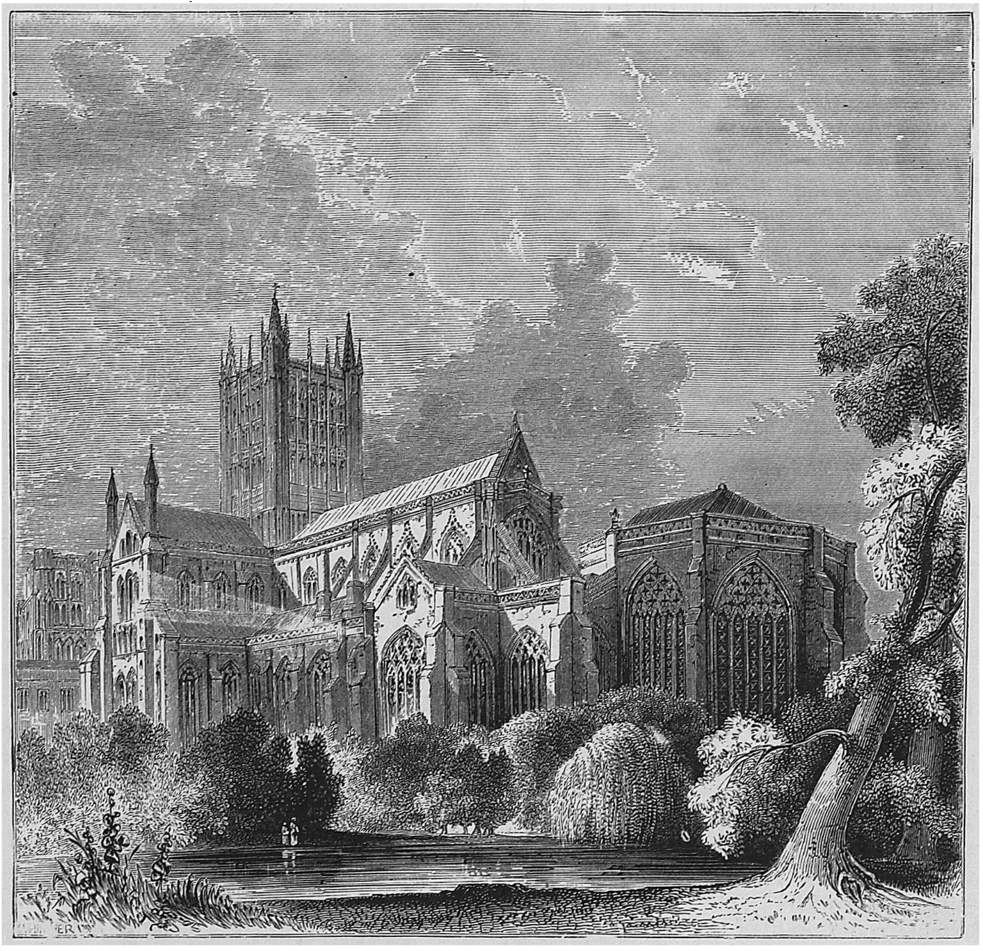
IN THE NORTH WOODS.

HE who has heard for the first time the cry of the loon on some lonely lake of the great northern wilderness of New York or of Maine, receives at once an impression of the forest, more intense and thrilling than any previous sight merely of mountain, tree or woodland could produce. So purely in harmony with the wild nature about him are the utterances of this weird creature, that he may be considered the typical bird of the North Woods. His demon-like laugh, his long-drawn, mournful "ul-ulu" when the clouds gather about the crest of Tahawus and the hush of the expected rain broods over the wooded shores of lake and river, — his stately ride upon the waves when the winds come sweeping down from the gorges of the mountains, and churn the surface of the waters into angry foam, — his quick dive and marvelous reappearance, distant, at points least expected, when the futile bullet has sped again and again for his destruction, — in short, under whatever condition we regard this grand diver, this stately *Colymbus glacialis*, as the ornithologists term him, he must be conceded to assert and hold in his own wicked way the sovereignty of all inland waters.

Many persons will remember with what utter disgust and just anger and contempt every staunch woodsman and true sportsman read the narrative of a certain pretentious frequenter of and writer concerning the Adirondack country, wherein, at great length, he sets forth his exploits to compass, by the aid of boat, rifle, and his always "trusty guide," the death of a loon. A chapter of some twelve pages is devoted to this delectable recital; and the same chapter is moreover adorned and illustrated by a very remarkable drawing wherein a truly impossible boat contains two figures deadly intent upon the act of slaughter. Here, for example, is pleasant reading for a man who loves the woods: "'Ready with your other barrel, there. The loon is tiring. I hear her blow when she comes up. She can't stay under long. I ll run you down upon her soon. Here she is under your very muzzles! I turned, and sure enough there sat the loon within six feet of the boat, in the very act of shaking the water from her eyes. The rifle lay across my knee, the barrels in direct line with the bird. Without lifting it, or moving an inch, I pulled, and water, smoke and feathers flew into the air together. * * * I was just fitting a cap to a freshly charged barrel when the loon broke the water again at short range, her back nearly bare of feathers; and, as she dived, another tuft flew up, cut by the passing ball, and John pronounced her 'nearly picked.'" What serene joy and long-enduring satisfaction it might cause one to see this precious pair not "nearly picked," but plentifully feathered with a good coat of tar for a foundation to keep their plumage from falling off! Nothing but a wanton desire to kill can prompt the shooting of this bird, which is entirely worthless for the purposes of the table; and furthermore, for every loon that is killed there is gone forever one of the pulsations out of the heart of the Forest.



CHAPTER HOUSE.



WELLS CATHEDRAL.

But all the pines are fast melting away into building-stuff; and we shall soon have to content ourselves with the tame shrubbery of the dull domestic landscape. As the loon among the birds and beasts of the wilderness, so the white cedar among trees. Through the Highlands of the Middle Hudson, a graceful, cone-shaped lift of greenery, and in city parks and pleasure grounds of the suburbs making a long-stretching and durable hedge, this tree, beside the current of the Racquette deep amber, and brown to almost asphalt darkness in its eddied pools, leans over, mirrors, and asserts itself a grotesque giant to the stream, with a measurement as to the butt which four men can not in some cases readily span. By the swampy margins of the Boreas Ponds, moose-tracked from time to time; and studded all over, in the mellow autumn, on the shaky bogs, with the running cranberry, most delicious of fruit to the venison and salt pork eating men of the camp — nothing to a woodsman can exceed the value of this tree. Its wood can be used in a thousand ways; it splits so readily and with such truth of cleavage, that from cutting out a paddle to building a shanty, or making a raft for temporary and immediate use, there is none better in the forest. — *(The late) John A. Hows.*

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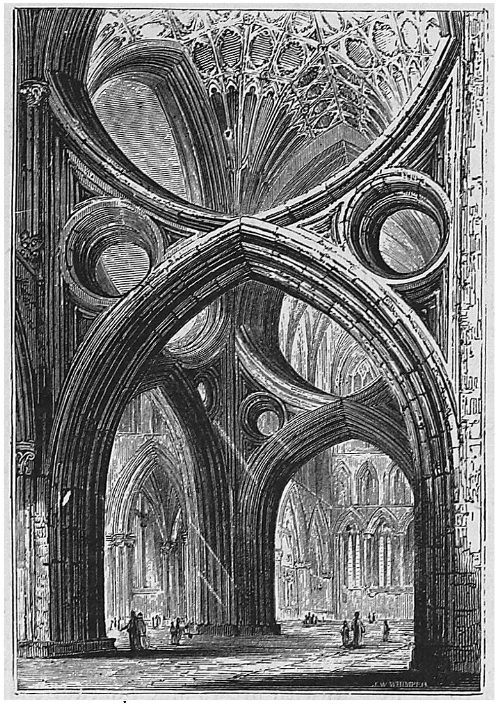
WELLS CATHEDRAL.

THOUGH very many have already been the illustrations of the great religious houses of England, given in *THE ALDINE*, we have done nothing more than made a commencement, as yet, in revealing the infinite richness in that detail, which the British Islands possess; and the opportunities for comparison of those magnificent structures, afforded in this series, would alone well repay the outlay for a publication of which these glories in architectural art form only a small constituent. The specimen presented in our present number is notably fine in many regards, and may claim an interest excelled by that of few others. Wells Cathedral stands in an admirable water-side location (something like that of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Stratford-on-Avon), in the handsome town of the same name, in the county of Somerset, south of the rugged Mendip Hills, nineteen miles southwest from the well-known watering-place, Bath, and at nearly the same distance from the fine shore of the Channel, at Bristol. It is also only a few miles from Glastonbury, where stood the abbey of that name, around which many of the legends of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere are woven, and where the white thorn was always said to blossom at Christmas, after the putting to flight of the devil by St. Dunstan, at that place. The cathedral is very large, having not more than three superiors in that regard, in the kingdom; and its appearance, from any point of view, is at once commanding and satisfactory. A Saxon church is said to have existed on the spot, from 704; and most of the present structure dates from the time of Henry III. The central tower, undoubtedly very old, rises to the height of 178 feet, and is singularly impressive; and the west front retains much of its rich sculpture and statuary, the latter including no less than one hundred and fifty-three figures of life size and nearly five hundred smaller. The interior decorations are lavishly rich and at the same time impressive from their solidity, the pierced and florid gothic (of which some good specimens are shown in the two smaller engravings) being among the best of their style in the kingdom. The interior has also a relic of the extreme past, in the tomb of Ina, King of Wessex, and a Lady Chapel much admired. Our two minor views convey an excellent idea of the splendor of the chapter house and the choir, the latter with carved ceiling vieing with those of Westminster and Oxford. The Episcopal palace, near, is considered one of the most impressive of its class, alike from architecture and surroundings, among them being numbered a fine old moat, a drawbridge of the mediæval period, and many specially fine old elms which flourish in great luxuriance in the soft climate and damp soil of the southwest. Wells has also another celebrated ecclesiastical structure, in the parish church of St. Cuthbert. The diocese, which is that of "Bath and Wells" (two names belonging together in sound!) was formed in 905, during the reign of Edward the Elder; and among the distinguished churchmen who have filled the see, may be mentioned Archbishop Laud and Cardinal Wolsey. Humorous tradition has it that the two single bishoprics, of Bath and of Wells, were joined to form this one, from the broad speech of a Scotch aspirant, who, when asked by the king which he would prefer, answered "Baith" (Bath); the king understanding him to say "baith" as meaning "both," and uniting the two accordingly for his benefit.



VIEW UNDER CENTRAL TOWER.